

## Letter from Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel Hubbard Bell, November 26, 1880, with transcript

Alexander Graham Bell to Mabel (Hubbard) Bell. Bailey's Hotel, Glo'ster Road, Queen's Gate, S. W., London. Nov. 26th, 1880. Mrs. A. G. Bell, 8 Rue Cambon, Paris. My darling:

Your "little boy Bell" was very glad to receive your second letter this morning with enclosed cards. It came like sunshine — in the midst of London fog — and cheered me up in spite of my blueness. I have been in the blues all day — bad headache — a well-developed sty spoiling all my beauty — and a general feeling of despondence at the lecture engagements I have entered into. I have lost confidence in my ability to speak without notes and I dread having to appear in public with a blinder over one eye!

But I am afraid there is no help for it as anything would be better than exhibiting the big inflamed thing I have on one side of my face in place of an eyelid. I expect that my eye will have gone out by tomorrow morning for I expect that by that time my eyelids will be glued together and some cover will be absolutely essential.

Chester has been experimenting tonight to see whether a neat little black patch could not be glued on to the side of my nose with sticking-plaster that would conceal the ugly part without the necessity of a band round the head — but we have come to the conclusion that a pair of goggles will be the best thing. Chester says I can get plain glass just darkened sufficiently to conceal the abomination without interfering with vision — and that the goggles will give me a grave dignified scientific look just suited to the 2 inventor of the telephone and photophone! A grave middle-aged look! Just fancy! Poor little May I am glad you received some presents on your birthday — although you have been disappointed in your husband's. You will have my portrait just as soon as we have money to pay for it. If

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you want a photograph to send to the Telegraphic Journal I can go and have it taken just now — goggles and all!

I received the letter and cards from the Langham Hotel — but the parcels have not been forwarded. I shall send for them tomorrow. I found the glycerine bottle in my bag but have not yet been forced to use it — and do not want to unless necessary. Chester says that Dr. Johnson's lotion was probably the ordinary preparation of glycerine and carbolic acid to be found in the (spell it to suit yourself). He will hunt up the prescription for me.

Yes dear — your mamma is “a dear little mother” and I love her very much — I wish she only knew how much — and I love you too my little one — SO much — and am so sorry that I should ever be cross to you or give you pain.

Your loving, Alec.